

LETTER FROM NABOB.

he Ruling Passion—A "Loyal"
Georgia Editor and his Reporter
on an Excursion—An Ex-Rebel
Pilot at "Riverside"—The Report-
er Pockets the Pilot's Spoon, and
is Required to "Hand them Over"
—The Editor does the Heavy Ma-
jestic—The Pilot Gesticulates—The
Reporter Falls Down and the
Spoon Falls Out—The Editor Re-
treats Precipitately—The "Loyal"
Georgia Delegates in the Black and
T.

[illegible]

the active barkeeper—a person whose duty it is to keep one eye on the dining saloon, to see that the guests are well served and to keep a sharp lookout for any signs of “lost, stolen, or strayed.” While the barkeeper was thus engaged he observed the waiter who had just been sent to the kitchen. The reporter having finished his dinner was pocketing the spoons and forks—the light silver-remembering spoons and forks were not to be taken home—and called his chief and made him aware of what had taken place, whereupon the chief himself, in a few words, promptly immediately proceeded to the restaurant determined to overhail and interrogate the reporter. He met him as he was about to leave the restaurant and he so jauntily leered at him that the reporter at first gave him no heed, but at the first glance of a second, called on him “him” and over him spoons and forks which he held in his hand. The waiter said “Yes” and that was “trade in his speech.” Plymouth dock started back indignant and resentful. He said that he had never seen a waiter who only a Southern rebel could enslave for a moment, and was a convincing proof of the wicked treachery of Andrew Johnson.

He insisted that "them apocryphs should be banished over right off." May-blossom protested and stormed, until the din of words reaching the ears of the editor, who was probably meditating some philanthropic measure for the benefit of the colored brethren, he appeared and with majestic gravity asked the pilot: "Do you know, sir, whose presence you are talking. Do you know, sir, that I am ex-colonel in the United States army? Do you know, sir, that this gentleman whom you are insulting is a friend of mine? Do you know, sir, that I will not suffer such conduct, and that if you don't desist at once I will have you punished?" The editor said:

[illegible]

No report of the occurrence appeared in the *Georgia Journal* to which he had referred; but I have no doubt there will soon appear a very elaborate article to prove that no "Northern man can come to Georgia with safety; that the spirit of rebellion is as rampant here as in any section; that he is liable to be subjected to any thing which a sensible slave is exposed to be interrupted by the rude and violent manner used by the uneducated rebel pilot.

It is true, which are not overdrawn or exaggerated, may be commensurate to Fred. Douglass, Parson Brownlow, black Hamilton, and the other members of the black-and-tan convention. After Douglass' speech, the *Georgia Journal* said: "If Douglass rot, Bryant could discomf powerfully on the brutality of the Savannah pilot. Bryant, too, knows what it is to take a *black-and-tan* man and be caught in the act, and

Mr. G. W. Aeburne lived for a short time in Columbus, but the land of his birth and predilection is nearer the Arctic regions. Whether he retired, during the war, to avoid

Mr. James L. Dunning is a Yankee who lately filled the responsible and popular office of freedmen's bureau agent at Atlanta. Mr. Ambrose Spencer is the son of H. M. Spencer, of New York, who left that State some years ago for very cogent reasons, has resided for some time in Sumpter county, Georgia, has recently written an infamous book, and is exactly where he ought to be now. Bryant, you know. Every one knows Bryant, except the Captain. The sheriff of Richmond county knows him well, and will probably soon improve his acquaintance. Messrs. Fawcett, Bender, and the three Nations, will

Poor Georgia! Fancy the seats once occupied in the Senate by Forsyth and Berrien, filled by Fawcokoebe and Ambrose Spencer. In pity, let the Radicals allow us to search the penitentiary before we get down as low as that.

Every honest man must rejoice that the "blacks and tans" have met. They have done much good, and will do more.

Brownlow speeches, disclosing the flimsy purpose and plans of his associates, will help conservatism as much as the more patriotic speeches of the President. Verily extremes meet. Was there ever such a gathering as this collection of loyalists—Brownlow and Jack Hamilton; Fred Douglas, the negro, and Ambrose Spivey, Speed and Wm. Fawcoknee, of Georgia? But Baylor is there—Charles G. Baylor—who, if he was not born in Georgia, and has no interest there, thousands of Georgians have an interest in him, and would be glad to hear from him, especially if his communication covered the little sum he borrowed when he started for Europe as Joe Brown.

cotton agent, Baylor and Bryant, around
 and—the one under bonds on a charge
 swindling, the other anxiously await-
 within the limits of the State by vari-
 disconsolate acquaintances. NABOB.

**Stay Where You Are—You are Not
 Wanted Here.**
 A great many violent Radicals, who foug
 the Democratic party of Kentucky, al
 abused and vilified the President, as lo
 as there was any hope of perpetrating
 Radical power, are now trying to crawl
 of the disgraceful slough of their par-
 ties with garments dripping the foulest im-
 purities to find a resting place on Demo-

ground. These mean and miserable ap-
 states are ready to sacrifice every principle
 of honor to keep on the side of power.
 There are some Radicals here in the city
 of Mayville, who less than three months ago
 were loud-mouthed and bitter in their re-
 nunciation of Andrew Johnson, who hat-
 ed the Democratic party with all their soul,
 who voted for and applauded that prince
 of Radical villainy, Sam McKee, but who now
 in the hope of gaining a little more time
 prey upon the country, are blatant
 Andrew Johnson and the Democratic re-
 ally. Neither the President nor the people
 can be deceived by this transparent
 shallow trickery. The Democratic

has no use for such characters, and it might as well stay where they are for all good it will do them.—*Mayville Bulletin*

10

